THE COMMONWEAL

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INTERNATIONAL ILLUSION

CERTAIN recent events look every American citizen squarely and questioningly in the face. They are events of international importance and may be exemplified here by the coincidence that noisy Parisian crowds were hooting United States tourists at about the same time that western wealth was digging deep into its pocket to aid certain starving enemies of the World Court. Was there any unprecedented reason for the hostility toward the tourists? None at all excepting that francs were considerably cheaper that morning. Is western wealth aglow with philosophical convictions against the Court? By no means: for private reasons, which a genteel inquiry is now considering, it simply desired the election of a candidate who was capitalizing upon popular middle-western resentment of internationalism. We say these two facts are significant because they stress once again an old political truth which is of major consequence just now. Because of political and economic circumstances, foreign affairs are normally of so little immediate importance in the United States that they become mere weapons in the struggle for domestic party supremacy. In Europe, however, history has decreed that domestic issues are contingent upon the nature and the possible solution of international problems.

The whole distressing business about the debts cannot be understood until this fundamental truth is borne in mind. For ten years the collection of sums due us from foreign nations with whom we were allied in war has been a serious partisan concern. Apart from questions likely to be asked on election day, there is no reason why the debts should engross our attention. Our currency would not depreciate even fractionally if we canceled them. The most complete and sweeping international charity might easily be offset by a slight addition to the tariff barrier across which goods come profusely, regardless of price. But how different the situation is in France! There the instability of successive governments has been caused almost entirely by a complex of foreign affairs, of which the debt problem is one of the most acute and important. Instability in government creates a weakening of confidence, and this in turn begets partisan acrimony, mob hysteria, trade depression, and possibly revolution. What is an election day detail for us is a matter of life and death to France. Arguments about justice and injustice are not to the point here. The debts were contracted fairly and formally, but quite as correctly there was disseminated an informal understanding that they could be overlooked. As a matter of

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fact, we would have swept most of them aside had our attitude toward Europe remained what it was in 1917.

Precisely here is the root of continental amazement and anger at the conduct of our government. Europe sees no reason why we should harp so insistently upon a financial obligation contracted under unusual circumstances. It does not understand why our brotherly attitude toward it should have changed. Contrast, for instance, the position of Germany with that of France. Operation of the Dawes Plan has made the introduction of American capital into the Reich imperative. Bond issues, many of which carry stock purchase warrants ultimately likely to bring about foreign financial control of basic industries, are accepted by the Germans with a patient shrug. There is no resentment of us—no resentment, at least, to be compared with that of war-time—because the Reich notices that any change in our attitude regarding it is really a change for the better. But things are different in France. After a glorious moment when a vast army, landing, solemnly reported, "Lafayette, we are here," it requires a sturdy imagination to insert a jagged negative into the sentence without adequate motivation. Everyone saw, of course, that Mr. Wilson had been repudiated; that the United States, refusing to sign the Versailles Treaty and obligate itself to the League of Nations, had retired to isolation; and that there seemed to exist a general feeling of disillusionment. But in general, this sentiment was rather popular in France also, which meantime faced the tremendous problems of domestic and international reconstruction which followed the establishment of peace.

All of this makes imperative a new and realistic examination on our part of the causes which led to the alignment with the Allies and later to the rupture. Only through this examination can Americans get a clear and practicable idea of what has happened. The gradual pacification of Europe will be the fruit of a saner and more impartial understanding of the origins of the war—an understanding already fostered by a number of first-rate books and enquiries. For instance, the theory of Germany's sole responsibility, the myths of Belgian atrocities, and the bogey of the Kaiser have all faded out of consciousness. Why have we not consented to be honest with our history? Such honesty might well begin with an admission that the repudiation of President Wilson after his return from France was due to the previous steady formation of a party antagonistic to his policies. Its principle was really not disappointment at the failure of the "fourteen points" or grieved anxiety lest democracy had not been rendered comfortably safe. About these matters most Americans knew little and cared less. Indeed, a great number of them heartily concurred with the following observation by a Frenchman, preferably left untranslated: "La faiblesse de M. Wilson était d'avoir voulu être, à lui seul, un Pape laïque."

But the consequences of the Wilsonian crusade had soon been felt, though few had the courage to brave the vengeances of publicity and express their feelings. There is no other example in history of a nation forsworn to popular government which, after having chosen a chief executive on the strength of a pacifistic platform, was drafted wholesale into an army marching to the conquest of a cause it did not understand. Naturally, the result was widespread secret dissatisfaction. Such fervor as was aroused derived its strength from fantastic propaganda which experience and momentary sober reflection soon discredited. The American people rose stolidly and performed its task, but little by little a growing middle-western consciousness of having been tricked into disaster became strong enough to prepare for a day of reckoning. Mr. Wilson was at fault in the eyes of his opponents, but could easily be, was easily, pushed out of the picture. But the sources of his delusion were European, being for the most part (it was believed) a shrewd "statesmanship" which had cunningly trapped America into a martial adventure. Those who took advantage of the Versailles situation to campaign against the President really fanned into flame the underlying, silent resentment that had existed ever since 1917.

It is this resentment which dictates the exaction of war debts, which prevents the affiliation of the United States with international organization, and which aids the cause of politicians shrewd enough to reap profit from the situation. Whether or not it is righteous anger is a question to be settled by history. But we must realize that it exists and colors the popular attitude toward Europe. Until it is removed or corrected, there is little hope that the average American mind will view foreign affairs dispassionately. The obvious necessity for a deliberate and reasoned consideration of these affairs becomes, however, more obvious every day. Citizens interested in the conduct of their government will, it seems to us, pledge themselves to three points of view: First, regardless of the legitimacy or practicableness of American war sentiment, the redemption of France from the iron fist of its neighbor empire was unequivocally a movement for the continuance of civilization. Despite all minor questions of politics or economics, this fact abides. Second, the American tradition of "binding up the wounds of conflict" remains a duty now, especially because of the share taken by Wilsonian intervention, not merely in the winning of the war, but in its prolongation and final consequences. Our own contemporary prosperity may be pleasant, but it will embarrass the future if it is used selfishly, in total forgetfulness of the titanic rôle we were once brave enough to play. And finally, every reasoning person must see that no matter what geographical and financial fortunes may continue to safeguard our isolation, the hour will be a dangerous one in which the horizon is marked with the colors of universal enemies. No nation can have a more laudable ambition than to be a citizen of the world.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE days pass in Mexico, bringing little that could not have been deduced from the starkly antithetical premises of persecution and resistance. Ninety percent of the country's total population went to church on the last day set aside for official rites, and a negligible part of the remaining niggardly fraction marched, as ordered, through deserted streets for the glory of Calles. The banners, the tactics, the aftermath of this parade demonstrated fully that the campaign to which Mexico's government has pledged itself differs in no particular from the usual "radical" attacks upon religious liberty. There was nothing new, nothing local, in the defamations flung at the Catholic Church; in the spaniel-like fidelity of government employees (especially foreigners in the Department of Education); in the official proclamations of hostility to all ecclesiastical systems and to religious orders in particular; and in the rumors of "plots" to take the life of the chief executive. A note of originality might be detected, possibly, in the murder of the poor bookseller who had displayed a Catholic poster in his window. He died on the way to trial—died in the fashion well known to students of Mexican revolutionary methods—with his rosary about his neck, thus meriting the title of first martyr in a new suppression which, excepting for the fact that it has been preceded by years of sanguinary violence, would amaze the conscience of the world.

FROM the Catholic point of view no comment on the situation could possess the eloquence of the universal call to prayer which, heeded by dense throngs in all parts of the world, indicates the spiritual solidarity of the Church. A statement to the Associated Press by the Mexican episcopate offers what little hope can be extended for a speedy settlement of the controversy: "The episcopate will be willing to enter a truce for a reasonable length of time, during which the new religious regulations and all others, as well as anti-religious persecutions, may be suspended, and after this truce a definite settlement to be reached by means of a national plebiscite through which the people may express their real feelings." This sane and wholly democratic suggestion points toward a satisfactory ending of the struggle, but there is little reason for believing that the government will give it consideration. All manner of evidence indicates the anti-democratic character of the Calles régime, which, based on an acquisition of force by a minority welded together by a system of mutual aid, would cease to be if it compromised with the will of the people.

SINCE the secular press has issued its daily story of the Mexican persecution, the indifference of American citizens (and to a large extent, of American Catholics themselves) has been quickly dissipated. Light has gradually been filtering into even the carefully shrouded quarters of righteous liberals. The movement to arouse the concern of the American Federation of Labor over an anti-religious movement which misuses the name and aspirations of labor to whitewash unjustifiable action, is sure to gain the approval of a man as sensible and fair-minded as President Green. Creeds separated from the Church have, in frequent instances, repudiated the ridiculous antics of people like Bishop Miller, have realized that the common interests of Christian practice have been endangered, and have joined in the prayer for peace of conscience. Grateful recognition of a charitable action should be extended to the *Living Church*, a western Episcopalian organ, which urged editorially "that we all fall upon our knees and earnestly pray God to guide all who have responsibility for Christian work in Mexico." Thus a great and necessary task of enlightenment has been accomplished. That much still remains to be done, that knowledge can be followed up by sympathetic action, are facts which none of those in any measure responsible for the formation of American public opinion ought to forget.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S counsels to his countrymen may lack something of the fugue and fire habitual with statesmen whose home is in the great spaces of the West. But there is a shrewd and seaboard salt in them that makes them well worth listening to, especially as the occasions on which they are given to matters of general rather than political interest are comparatively rare. The advice given recently by the President to Americans sojourning abroad, to abate something of the ebullience that comes from

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prosperity and a consciousness that it is given as the reward of virtue, may well be heeded as it deserves. Taken en bloc, the instances of unmannerliness to American tourists in Europe reported during the past two weeks do not make a very imposing total. An insult to a consular representative by a boorish officer in semi-civilized Roumania, a canvas and easel overturned in Venice, jeers and catcalls greeting a char-à-banc that was ill-advised enough to try to cut the line of a parade of mutilated soldiers, are very disparate affairs. Probably only the fact that the whole question of Americans abroad is in the air was responsible for the space afforded them by press agencies. Those who can remember the daily and almost hourly clashes that were the sequel in Paris to the Fashoda affair will not be unduly alarmed.

AT the same time, there is sound worldly wisdom in the advice cabled home by the Paris correspondent of the New York Times, Mr. Edwin James, drawing the attention of American tourists en route to Paris to a fact that gets harder and harder to realize, namely, that they will be guests, if paying guests, in the capital of a foreign nation. Such a breach of manners as the complaint to diplomatic headquarters anent the closing of stores between noon and two o'clock can only come from a gross ignorance of French customs and the French conception of work as a dawn-to-dark affair, with relaxation at its meridian. The same may be said of the insulting demand heard at restaurants to have puzzling "additions" translated into terms of "real money." If thrift, self-denial, and hard service are the test of reality, French money is the realest in the world. Returning travelers are bringing home stories of practices which contrast strangely with this condescending attitude toward the French franc. They tell of long lines of tourists waiting in banks and agencies to barter dollars for francs when the franc is falling and the scent of a profitable bargain is in the air, of purchases deferred and deliberately calculated to get the benefit of exchange to a centime. It is this unpalatable mixture of huckstering with swagger which the French find so hard to stomach or to understand. The hint that it is endangering good relations comes from a man who is probably as shrewd as the rest of his fellow-citizens and it is to be hoped will be taken to heart. Babbitt is ubiquitous. But luckily there are always enough Americans of heart and imagination traveling abroad to see to it that he does not entirely devastate an understanding between two nations which is as old as American liberty.

THE desire to think internationally seems to be contagious. Such an institution as that established in Williamstown for the discussion of politics may seem academic in character, but its successive annual programs reveal a more and more intimate appreciation of concrete economic and political facts. This year, science is the leitmotif of the speakers, and already a disquisition on mineral resources and their effect upon national life has interested the press generally. It was the contention of the speaker, Dr. C. K. Leith of Wisconsin, that "we are witnessing the mighty conflict of two powerful opposing forces; on the one hand, world-demand for materials, which knows no political boundaries and which is forcing unification in order that demand may be efficiently satisfied; on the other hand, the nationalistic forces directed toward partitioning resources for national gain and security." The theoretical ground pointed to here has been gone over again and again; we have seen the effect induced by the separation within our own country of coal in Pennsylvania and ore in Minnesota, and have inferred the much greater chaos resulting from the barriers erected between similar deposits by national boundaries; but Dr. Leith's remarks have the quality of stating the difficulty as an acute modern problem which demands a practical solution. Such thinking should gradually have the effect of making people see that hard-fisted nationalism is not the safest guarantee of prosperity.

BY comparison, the program of the Semaines Sociales, the annual French conferences for the study of social questions held during the past week in Le Havre, appears rather indefinite and abstract in character. Various speakers discussed such matters as the nature and functions of the League of Nations, the duty to work for peace, the reality of "international finance," and the part that religion ought to play in the formation of a supra-national conscience. Much of value was said, but for the most part the effort seems to have been directed toward justifying the modification of stiff patriotic prejudices. Great significance is attached to the conferences, however, because they indicate a change of heart in France. As a neutral editor remarks: "Quite in the same way as Germany, France has been fettered by nationalism. Now the period of reflection is at hand for both countries, though both will not agree in method. France is rising from its cramped position, seeking anew the virile erectness from which it departed. Its means are those suggested by its genius—by the abiding traditions of western Christian civilization." In other words, the French are seeking conviction through philosophy; we are seeking it through the facts of science. Both are necessary, and both should succeed.

THERE is appropriateness in the choice of this country by the Irish Free State for a study of methods which will enable them to build up their own military household, and the deputation of two officers which landed in the past week—while four are still to come—is sure of a hearty and helpful welcome from their brothers-in-arms. In the first place, the United States had the same problem on its hands far later than any other great power, and began in a very modest fashion.

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It is probable that the American federal forces a century, or even less, ago, did not greatly exceed the 15,000 men of all arms enrolled at present in the Irish regular army. Again, Colonel McNeil and his companions are coming to a country in which Irish genius for soldiering is no secret. Thousands of Irish soldiers have taken the westward pathway across the Atlantic in the past. But they were men whom no unit or organization recognized, to whom the sight of a uniform was synonymous with oppression and alien rule, and who too often brought with them hearts that were broken as well as brave. The significance of an Irish army, and of officers wearing its insignia as our guests, far exceeds the potential force they represent. With all respect to the pacifist, nothing is or ever will be so concrete a symbol of nationhood as the disciplined body—the "ultima ratio regum" and no less the supreme right of self-governing peoples.

THE visit of the Irish army men is all the pleasanter because it comes at a time when there is very little danger of its being misunderstood or misconstrued. Pressure upon editorial space contingent on the Eucharistic Congress prevented us from dealing, at the time and in the manner it deserved, with the speech made by Cardinal O'Donnell, archbishop of Armagh and primate of All Ireland, at the banquet tendered him by the American Irish Historical Society on the eve of his departure for Chicago. News from Ulster, however, sent across the sea by the enterprising Dublin correspondent of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, proves that the noble words spoken on that occasion by the priestly and princely descendant of Red Hugh O'Donnell, did not fall on stony ground, and are new evidence, were evidence wanting, of the tremendous power of the spoken word when harnessed to the miraculous means of inter-communication which are humanity's best hope. During the celebrations in commemoration of the Battle of the Boyne at Omagh a few days ago, Mr. J. A. Pringle, a Unionist and non-Catholic member of the Ulster Parliament, could think of no better instance of the new spirit which is slowly, but, we hope, surely, replacing the bad old spirit, than to repeat, textually, a passage uttered in the ballroom of the Hotel Plaza: "The surest path to a united Ireland is the path of friendship between North and South, the path of good feeling between Catholic and Protestant, and the path of friendship, so far as principle will allow, between conflicting political principles." Such a sentiment, given the world in New York, and reëchoed in one of the strongholds of separatist and sectarian feeling on a day that we have grown used to regard as laden with calamitous possibilities, comes like a shy herald of better days.

NATIVE critics of American governmental practice who, for the sake of contrast, are fond of pointing to the civil liberties enjoyed in England, will have to make what they can of the recent incident connected with the attainment by George Bernard Shaw of the psalmist's limit of life. A banquet was to be tendered to the veteran Fabian and dramatist at the Hotel Metropole in London, and there was a natural expectancy that, to make the occasion doubly memorable, some retrospective remarks of general value would be delivered. But radio in England is, rather surprisingly, under government control. A request for a promise that his observations would not be of a "controversial" nature got the reception one would expect from Mr. Shaw's previous contacts with spite and silliness in high places, with the upshot that what turned out on printed perusal next day to be a very witty and good-tempered speech, was denied the privileges of the air. There is no occasion to enforce a moral that enforces itself, or to dwell upon this strange phenomenon coming from the home of free speech. Control is something that grows by what it feeds upon. Having tasted the sweets of junta government during the recent labor crisis, the British cabinet is loth to let them go. Nothing, indeed, is so marked just now in the country where our Nordics make their spiritual home as a tendency to retrench civil liberties which were granted in easier-going days.

ANYONE who should care to determine the important intellectual tasks completed in the name of American Catholicism during the past thirty years, would unhesitatingly accept these: the publication of scholarly reference works, notably the Catholic Encyclopedia; the establishment of an intellectually alert journalism, capable of appealing to those who think and read; the revival of interest in the liturgy; and the gradual assimilation of facts concerning the history of faith on this continent. And it is the best reason why the fiftieth anniversary of Father John J. Wynne's entry into the Society of Jesus should now be widely noticed that his name must forever be associated with all these contributions. The list of his published volumes indicates the careful attention he always stood ready to give to anything in which the interaction of faith and reason was apparent. His entry into journalism meant the appearance of a new spirit and power in the religious press. It is especially noteworthy, however, that no characteristic of Father Wynne has been more marked than his gift for coöperation with others. When, as during the years when the Catholic Encyclopedia was being formed, he served as one of the directors of that veritable army of scholars which had been marshaled for vast and difficult intellectual undertaking, his tact and genius for organization were unfailing because he had made himself a man with varied interests but one noble purpose. Those who toiled with him are naturally the first to offer felicitations upon the present unusual occasion—an occasion which, rarely presenting itself, signifies that a man has been permitted to progress in his vocation for

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half a century. The echo of these expressions of joy will, however, be nearly universal; and to it we add our own word of appreciative congratulation.

THE older buildings of Notre Dame University, erected with the help of manual labor supplied by religious themselves and surrounded by a landscape into which love and faith breathed something of nobly spiritual beauty, have become symbolical of the Congregation of Holy Cross. Nearly a century ago, a member of this French order braved the journey to America and the Middle-West, joined hands with pioneer priests who still served Indians more frequently than white men, and established on the frontier his brave experiment in higher education. Naturally, most of his assistance came from abroad, particularly from his native France. But already before his death, the hostility of the Third Republic toward religious communities had begun, and soon the Congregation had been exiled, its members going for the most part to the United States. Now, by one of those singular transmutations which seem to govern the life of the Church, which is independent of nations and origins, the direction of the order has become American in character. The election of the Reverend James W. Donahue to the generalship of the Congregation marks the passing of French direction, the break with tradition by reason of changing circumstance. The fact is worthy of notice, especially at this time when affairs in Mexico have raised so much talk about "foreign domination" of ecclesiastical matters. It indicates, as does the entire history of the Church, how steadily and naturally the tree of faith is acclimated to the soil in which it is planted by missionary hands. The achievement of the pioneer is sturdy and profits from its origin in foreign soil; but in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, it seems always to have been part of the new landscape in which it has taken root.

ENSURING THE PRIMARIES

ONE surmises that the average person is not fully prepared to admit the virtuousness of Tammany Hall. For some years the grip of this organization upon political manoeuvres in New York has served as the classical example of "machine" and "boss" rule. Older vitriolic cartoons have, of course, given way to patient acceptance of the situation, much as one concedes the regrettable fact of mortality. It was assumed that newer and less hardened commonwealths and communities could avoid the tendencies toward Tammanyizing already cropping up in their midst, by connecting the process of nomination and election with the popular will. On the whole, it was a worthy and beneficent assumption. Perhaps in the end it can justify the faith of those who bravely supported it.

But strangely enough, even while Tammany is providing popular state government and has to a large extent rectified its errors in New York City, the virtues of the primary are seriously tampered with. The race between purses in Pennsylvania was exciting enough and furnished illuminating statistics. One supposes that commissions can read these until the cows come home without arriving at any more definite conclusion than this: numerous Keystone citizens were willing to support a "paying" candidate in return for a fairly generous evaluation of their autographs, and less numerous Keystone citizens were in the market early and stayed long. Events in Illinois are, however, slightly more complex. Attention has been centered upon the generosity of Mr. Samuel Insull, which in its way is phenomenal in character. Politics in the neighborhood of Chicago is determined largely through cabals and clashes arranged between individuals with a following. The prevailing state of mind is resolutely practical, being dominated by a plain unflowery understanding of "means" to an end. It behooved Mr. Insull, who controls the best public utilities in the Middle-West, to realize this situation. He did, with the result that substantial gifts from his purse put several individuals of diverse political complexions on the most friendly terms. Not everybody could be elected, but Mr. Insull had done his best for everybody.

Little good can come of advising men of means not to subsidize politicians in this manner. Being on the right side of persons who control the will of the electorate has become so common a practice among industrialists whose enterprises depend to some extent upon static legislation and enforcement that no individual can neglect it with impunity. Now and then publicity unearths savory details of a particular transaction—the list of such is lengthy in history—but everybody not wholly gullible knows that these have many secret likenesses. There is nothing in the career of a gentleman like Mr. Insull, who has transformed a score of anaemic utilities into efficient organizations benefiting the public as well as himself, to suggest that he would attempt to "control" government. He is merely the victim of a habit which, in his district, has been counteracted successfully only by the rugged democracy of La Follette.

Obviously, the condition calls for a study of the causes. Some of these will doubtless be found so deeply embedded in the historical character of American political life that eradicating them will seem dependent upon creating new electoral and governmental machinery. The primary itself was a creation of this kind. And, however regretfully one may make the admission, it seems to have deluded the magnificent hopes attached to it. Perhaps that is the fate of machinery. Perhaps, after all, nothing will accomplish a great amount of good excepting the old-fashioned remedy of excellent men in public life. This, it would seem, eventually has been realized best, paradoxically enough, by Tammany Hall.

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FREE SPEECH AND ITS LIMITS

By SVEINBJORN JOHNSON

IT was the solemn determination of the founders of our republic to strike down every barrier to complete freedom of thought and expression. They established a popular government which could survive and prosper only by possessing sufficient merit to withstand the most violent sort of criticism. With an abounding confidence in the desire of the average man for a free government, conducted by honest men, with sound business principles governing the expenditure of public funds and the husbanding of the public resources, the framers of the Constitution intended that the press and the platform should forever remain sanctuaries from which the critic could speak his mind in criticism or commendation of the servants who are temporarily entrusted with the duty to execute governmental authority. Instead of arbitrary or irresponsible power, they established, or hoped to establish, the rule of enlightened public opinion, making known its will and purpose through legislation, exerting a wholesome influence for the conscientious exposition of the law by the courts, and giving its irresistible support to administrative officers who truly try to execute the mandate of the written law. In succinct phrase, they intended to ensure the rule of the mind to the exclusion of the rule of force—the mind of the masses of American voting citizens speaking through the ballot, the greatest instrumentality devised by man for the purpose of putting an end to violence.

With the freedom of expression secured by the early American champions of liberty certain groups are today wholly dissatisfied. Their slogan is "unlimited free speech, a civil right protected by the Constitution." They rallied their forces to the support of Benjamin Gitlow, in New York, pardoned some time ago by Governor Smith; and of Miss Whitney, in California, whose convictions, under criminal syndicalism or criminal anarchy acts, the Supreme Court of the United States declined to disturb. Gitlow solemnly asserted, before the Chief City Magistrate of New York City, when he first appeared in court in answer to the charge on which he was later convicted, that it could not constitutionally be a crime in this country to urge others to overthrow the government by violent means. And Miss Whitney said, according to press despatches, that the California law "practically nullified freedom of speech." The law of California, which Miss Whitney says "nullifies" or abridges free speech under the Constitution, prohibits membership in any organization which teaches or advocates the use of "unlawful acts of force and violence, or unlawful methods of terrorism as a means of accomplishing a change in industrial ownership, or control, or effecting any political change." The appellate courts of California said that the purposes of the organization to which she belonged "savored of treason" and that the claim made in her behalf that she did not know this, was "past belief." It is submitted that this claim is entirely beyond the power of justification in law or morals, and is as insulting to the intelligence as it is offensive to patriotism.

I am not discussing the wisdom or the policy of these criminal syndicalism or criminal anarchy laws. For the sake of the present discussion, I concede without reservation, that, under all ordinary circumstances, it is unnecessary, even unwise, to enact them. But this concession has no bearing upon the legal or moral soundness of the claim that any citizen has a constitutional right to underwrite a movement for the overthrow of the government by means other than those provided in the fundamental law of the land. There is here—as always—a difference between what is right and what is expedient. It is the question of right alone with which we are concerned.

The American constitutional system is built around the principle, not created, but recognized and protected by it, that man has the right to own property; to control his labor; to manage and dispose of the products of his toil; and permit his powers of initiative to develop to the utmost in the acquisition of material things, without restraint except as may be necessary in the interest of the public at large. This natural right is assumed, rather than expresssly declared; and it is made secure to the individual against encroachment from any source.

The Constitution protects the individual in the enjoyment of the rights to life, liberty, and property; none of these may be taken from him without due process of law—that implies that his liberty shall not be curtailed or his property taken except by due, orderly, and peaceable legal processes. There can be no due process without a hearing, or an opportunity to be heard, and an adjudication by some authority having the power to decide. That theory is essentially opposed to violence. As a citizen, living under the protection of the Constitution, I have a right to expect that these safeguards will be respected by my fellow citizens and maintained by my government; no other person has any right superior to mine in this regard. There can be no right under the free speech clause to take away that which is protected under the clause providing that my property shall not be taken without due process of law. These rights must be respected together; one cannot be invoked to destroy the other.

The political philosophy underlying the republic is that it shall exist or perish according to the sober

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judgment of the majority. Recently the processes of amending the Constitution have been completed within fourteen months of their inception. So long as the machinery of elections is clean and honest; so long as the voter is free to cast a secret ballot, according to his judgment, and the results of his balloting are fairly canvassed and returned; so long as the public forum and public press are open to all advocates of changes in or abolition of the Constitution by the peaceable means provided therein; just so long is there no excuse or justification for the advocate of violence and murder as a means of changing or abolishing the government. No amount of "red" cant or professorial casuistry can alter this fact. The "right" of unlimited free speech and the theory of our constitutional system cannot both be maintained. One or the other must yield. The free speech extremist is entitled to no encouragement from any honest-minded, patriotic citizen. But he gets it, notwithstanding, from men and women in high places in the fields of art, of letters, and of education.

We may sympathize with the individual—more than ordinarily intelligent upon all other subjects—who has not the capacity to reason clearly upon the fundamentals of popular government, and persistently runs afoul of the criminal syndicalism acts. Perhaps he should be treated as an unfortunate who cannot think straight upon questions of economic and governmental theory; or on the proper relationship between the citizen and his government. Because of essential deficiencies he may be unable to form the evil intent which normally must be present in order to stamp conduct as criminal. We have, however, no other place for him. At large, he may become a menace, not so much to the government as to the sheep in human form who always follows, but who lacks the capacity or the inclination to estimate or analyze the qualities of his leader. We are reminded of Czolgosz who assassinated McKinley because certain propaganda had convinced him that the "ballot was no good," as he put it.

No experiment in communism has been conducted on a larger scale than in Russia. It is the undoubted right of every citizen to believe in the Russian system and to advocate that it be substituted for the existing order in the United States. But no legal or moral right exists to urge a bloody uprising to attain this end. The brand of liberty which there finds official favor, is not that for which the soldiers of Washington bled. A short time ago certain denominations decided to open a Bible school at Leningrad. The Russian authorities would not permit it except on the condition that one of the teachers be a Communist. The condition was met. In the United States there is a sympathetic and protective indulgence extended to educated imbecility in all its strange and startling manifestations. No normal person would seriously think of prosecuting a man for being enamored of the kind of liberty which flourishes in the land of Lenin and of Trotsky. When I meet one whose enthusiasm for Russia and her institutions has reached the stage where he believes speech is not free enough here, I confess a regret that the practical treatment for a somewhat analogous infatuation, prescribed by Mr. Kipling, cannot be conveniently applied: "Make him take and keep her, that's hell for them both."

Speech is free in the United States; but not absolutely free. There is a dead-line beyond which no honest-minded, clear-thinking, patriotic American citizen ventures to push the claim for free speech. That line divides law and order from lawlessness and chaos.

As One Finding Peace

The secret of the King possesses me
Unutterably.
I am a child to sudden woman grown
Who never yet has known
Invasion so imperious, so complete,
Blindly and madly sweet.
I am a bud to sudden blossom blown,
Intoxicate, replete
With fragrance most divinely not its own.
I am dew thirstily drunk up
Out of dawn's lifted cup.
I am my own impotent, daring self, plunged in a sea
Ecstatically!

O God, encompass me!
Be infinitely mine to hold, to bound me;
Absorb, consume, encompass and confound me;
Be in me and beneath me and above me;
O Father, love me, love me!
Tremendously be,
Strong God, my sea.

In ultimate joy upon this Lover's breast
I come to rest.
Peace, like a song,
Envelopes me;
Peace, like the night,
Folds me in conscious, beautiful delight.
Never has human love held me in tranquil thrall,
For not to human love does peace belong.
What if I be for the Lord God a wall,
Beauteous as cedar and as cedar strong;
What if I be a door, and sealed to all save Him,
Cunningly joined, guarded by flashing cherubim?
I am a door, a wall, a tower of passionate strength
Around which multitudinously throng
Wild ecstacies, wild joys, unending blisses,
A God's caresses and a Father's kisses.

Presently let this rapture in profounder rapture cease;
A silver bulwark of wrought silence be,
My Father, since that I am come at length,
Captive and free,
Into Your presence as one finding peace.

SISTER M. MADELEVA.

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THE HOLY ORDER OF ACTORS

By THOMAS M. SCHWERTNER

M. HENRI GHÉON is undoubtedly one of the most courageous and optimistic Catholic young men in France today. For it does take fine courage for anyone to make an irrevocable resolution to do something effective for the betterment of the stage, and more specifically, the French stage. But it calls for far greater optimism to launch a new Catholic organization whose one unswerving purpose it will be to attract and train a generation of actors ensouled with a spirituality rare enough outside monastic walls even amongst so-called pious folk, and so disinterested professionally as to be almost spectacularly idealistic. The Compagnons de Notre Dame, which he has just founded in Paris, is one of the finest efforts of Catholic idealism put forth in a field that is, perhaps unjustly, considered hopelessly secular and irretrievably jealous.

Now, in the first place, M. Ghéon seems to be the providential man to undertake this necessary and actual work of the Catholic apostolate, a work which has been frequently essayed but has never endured long enough to show any practical and appreciable results. Of all men writing today for the professedly Catholic stage he enjoys the most enviable reputation as a dramatist. In his ante-bellum days he wrote for the Theatre Balzac dramas, farces, and comedies which are still remembered distinctly as showing, not only rare talent, but something amounting to genius, especially as regards the selection of themes that were fresh and original, the maintenance of dialogue that was sparkling, spontaneous and satirical, and a general development of plot that was not disgustingly banal. At the forge of poetry he wrought for himself a style as supple as sonorous, as insinuating as sensuous.

But those unregenerate days prepared the way for the revelations that were vouchsafed him by the liturgy during the paroxyms of the world war, so graphically described for us in his autobiography, L'Homme ne de la Guerre. What the liturgy taught him of dramatic feeling and the significance and potentialities of dramatic forms and values amounts almost to an illumination. For he came to understand that the great drama of the ages, whose smallest details were filled to the bursting point with meaning and whose implications were not lost upon the most prosaic-minded and illiterate, was reënacted each day in the sublime pageantry of the Mass. For the soul of comedy he turned to the mediaeval celebrations—long approved, or at least tolerated, by the Church, and sometime acted even in the monastery or more spectacularly in the great piazzas before the churches—I mean the Feast of the Fools when the divine liturgy was parodied by relegating to children for one day the hieratic functions of bishop, canon, and priest; the Feast of Holy Innocents when the youngest novice acted in the convent for one day in the capacity of abbot, prior, or abbess; the Feast of the Deacons, the Feast of Saint Stephen, and the Feast of the Ass, each with its own appropriate and comic substitutions.

No wonder, then, that when Ghéon consecrated his pen to the services of the Church he wrote with a new zest, a new beauty, a new depth, a new force. He was no longer a mere word broker, a peddler of verbal cameos, a beautiful voice crying in an ugly wilderness. For he had learned what must be his message to the age—an age that had displayed and witnessed sublime devotion to patriotic ideals but, withal, an age that had somehow forgotten that a like devotion to religious ideals need not be considered misplaced and must never be decried as extravagant. For if the war threw upon the screen the figures of patriotic heroes might it not be possible to project before the eyes of the people—the peuple fidèle as he loves to call them—the figures of moral heroes who in the more dangerous battles of the soul had wrought mightily and well?

And, in the second place, M. Ghéon, with Pentecostal fervor, began to preach from the housetops his newly found revelation regarding the mission of the theatre. France is always willing to listen to a new theory, always ready to discuss a new philosophy of life or action, always polite enough to give every apostle an opportunity, if not to convert the masses, then at least to edify or amuse the scholars, poets, and statesmen. And so France listened to the dramatist ordained apostle in the bloody consecration of the war. In La Vie et les Arts liturgiques M. Ghéon discussed the possibility and feasibility of founding a Catholic theatre and of producing frankly Catholic dramas to such good effect that M. Victor Bucaille, in Le Figaro, January 5, 1921, laid the matter clearly before its secular-minded readers thus making honorable amends for the neglected article on the same subject in the same journal, on July 14, 1914, by M. Paul Claudel.

Ghéon is at ease when showing that the ancient pagan theatre, especially in Greece, was born in the vestibule of the temple just as the first essays of modern drama were the normal outgrowth of the Catholic liturgy. Then came the renaissance which secularized the theatre and substituted for the anonymous author the sleek dramatist who in order to fill fat his purse exploited the passions of men. Thus the communion of the audience with the author, and as a necessary consequence, between the audience and the actors, was destroyed. It was necessary, therefore, to reëstablish this communion, this unity between author and audience. Now to accomplish this nothing better or more

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natural could be imagined than the unity of that faith which reached down into the very intimacies of life. Here, then, was the opportunity of the Catholic playwright and the mission of a distinctly Catholic theatre. A year later, in the Revue Fédéraliste, M. Ghéon returns to the same subject, but now with vision clarified and outlook broadened through contact with the works of Saint Thomas Aquinas whom he will one day introduce upon the stage. Le Thomisme et l'Art littéraire is the loving homage of a great Catholic playwright to the Angelic Doctor who in the Secunda Pars of his incomparable Summa is not as blindly opposed to the stage as Bossuet would have us believe in his Maxims et Reflections sur la Comédie, written against that staunch and doughty champion of the theatre, the Theatine monk Caffaro.

Finally, in seeking to provide the Church with a stable organization of Catholic actors, M. Ghéon was not intimidated or deterred by the many failures of the past. France always had a native predilection for the stage and has produced a long line of ecclesiastical dramatists of whom Cardinal Richelieu, with his tragedy, Mariame, and his La Grande Pastorale, was probably the worst. In our own day the Jesuits Delaporte, Perroy, Tricard, Longhaye, and Brou are not inferior to Monsignor Jouin and Monsignor Debout, or to the Abbés Lozet, Moret, Dubois, Pailler, Ablin, and Chambois. Abbé Thibault has written a comic opera, Un Beau Reve, and the musical score for Father Camille's dramatic opera, Le Singe. The Dominican Gaffre wrote the libretto for David, that really superb opera which enshrines the musical genius of M. Dietrich.

But efforts to renew the French stage have assumed more systematic and organized form than the mere writing of plays. In 1907 Abbé J. Blanchon suggested the opening of a Catholic theatre in Lyons which served as a model and incentive for La Bonne Presse to found, in 1909, on the Quai de Passy, Le Theatre Chretien, functioning still under the direction of the Abbé Honoré. If this latter undertaking has not produced better results it must be ascribed to its distance from the Paris theatrical district and its production of religious plays written without an eye to the newer standards and methods of our own time. The Abbé Galy founded the Theatre Chretien, which first gave its plays in the Athénée Saint-Germain, and later moved to the Theatre du Vieux Colombier, directed so long and ably by that staunch Catholic, M. Jacques Copeau. There is the Theatre Francois Coppee directed by Mlle. Jeanne Paul Ferrier, and the Theatre Idealiste, sworn enemy of the plutocratic producers. The Ghilde des Forgerons was founded to offset the advances and allurements of the music halls and moving-picture theatres which are nowhere so insidious and dangerous as in Paris. Its short but brilliant career suggested the Ghilde Dramatique de l'Oeuvre Saint-Luc, founded in March, 1919, by M. Emmanuel Faure, and directed by M. Alfred Poizat whose Electre and Circe were highly applauded at the Comédie Française. One would like to translate here the noble address he made at the formal foundation of the Ghilde since it is one of the most profound expositions of the part the theatre can play in the dissemination of Catholic dramatic ideals in our contemporary society. In the presence of Cardinal Amette he did not blush to confess that the Ghilde intended to pursue "un apostolat evangelique par les arts." But the Ghilde soon died only to make room for the Art et Foi, founded by Abbé Jacques Debout, editor of the Cahiers Catholiques which is a veritable gold mine of information on the very latest efforts of the Church to make her voice articulate on the stage. At Rouen M. Edward Montier directs Les Philippins which has been doing splendid work, without much ostentation, during the last decade of years.

After all these abortive attempts to Catholicize the French stage we can easily understand what boundless faith and enthusiasm must vibrate in the soul of M. Ghéon who cannot be persuaded that the Church has nothing positive to offer the theatrical profession in the way of ideals and means of realizing them. His Compagnons de Notre Dame is a concrete effort to surcharge actors with just that amount of spirituality which will make their lives clean and happy and thus contribute to the formation of a professional spirit that can easily be made to further the best interests of the Church and thus save the stage from itself. For the mere production of plays, shot through though they may be with Catholic ideals, will not suffice to lift the moral standard of the theatre. To accomplish this the actors themselves must first be spiritualized through a loyal acceptance and whole-hearted practice of the Faith. In this same view M. Ghéon differs from all his predecessors who, though they may have admitted the need of faith in the private lives of the actors, did not depend upon it as absolutely essential to the profession itself. Hence, according to this new program, devotion to the histrionic art must be a real consecration to art for supernatural motives. Acting thus becomes a vivid and effective means of self-sanctification and incidentally of the Catholic apostolate. Just because this program is so original, suggestive and illuminating I shall give here in full the statutes of the Compagnons de Notre Dame:

> This group of Compagnons de Notre Dame is founded in a spirit of faith "for the praise of God and the exaltation of His saints by means of art in the theatre." It will not act any but Christian plays that have an artistic character.
>
> These will be produced with all desirable perfection before the unbelieving as well as the believing people, first at Paris, in a real theatre, then, according to the demands and possibilities, in the provinces and abroad.
>
> The group will be recruited exclusively from non-professional actors of Catholic faith and practice; their services will be gratuitous. In exceptional cases the group

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will make use of the services of professional comedians, but only such whose faith and Catholic life are beyond question.

It places itself under the protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Queen of Heaven.

Without binding themselves by an explicit vow, the members engage themselves to consider their common work as a manifestation of their Christian life, to be pursued in this sense, and to practise as much as possible the virtues which the Faith demands, especially humility which alone can preserve them from the temptations of pride which the theatre favors so easily.

Penetrated with this thought they will not seek to exploit their time, their good will or their efforts—at least in the measure that their strength and leisure permits. Those who have charge of them, that is to say, the committee, the producer, and the director, will ever keep this in mind.

God deserves to be served well. They will always remember that they have to defend His cause before a semi-secular public, and that the partial or total defection of a single member will help to compromise the cause itself as well as ruin their common enterprise.

We believe it possible to gather a sufficient number of Compagnons so as not to be forced to ask too much of any single member and to avoid thus the danger of interfering, in even the smallest degree, in the exercise of their domestic and professional duties.

All this freely subscribed to by each one of them, the Compagnons will consider it a duty to be punctual on the appointed day and hour, at the rehearsals and public as well as private performances.

No action will be taken against the wishes of any large part of the group, all of whose members are bound, if not by vow, then at least by a true engagement of honor. Hence one will be able to count on the support of all the others.

The different parts having been distributed, the director and the author will act in the capacity of judges. They reserve to themselves the right at the first rehearsals of modifying the play to the best advantage.

Each one will be used according to his capacity. But adopting a method which has made it possible at the Vieux Colombier to form a distinct and well-regulated troop we put it down as a principle that there are no secondary rôles, that all must be studied with the same conscientiousness and presented with the same skill. A person who holds a leading rôle in one play may be called upon, and in this instance must be ready to take a secondary rôle in another play. And the same holds good vice versa. Each one will have the opportunity of giving his best according to his capacity.

The actors should receive attentively and patiently the suggestions of the producer and they will do their best to conform themselves.

We dare not hope that from the very first day there will be established in the group that spirit of abnegation and emulation with which we desire to see it penetrated. But gradually, with the help of God's grace, we hope to surmount the small faults of temperament inseparable from our human nature.

The pledge of our success—spiritual, aesthetic, and material—is first and always our faith. In order to maintain ourselves on this level a Mass with reception of Holy Communion will unite in a brotherly embrace before the opening of each season the Compagnons de Notre Dame. Moreover, before and after each rehearsal and performance they will say in common a Pater and Ave.

These statutes of the Compagnons carry us back to the high middle-ages when the art of acting was looked upon as sacred as any occupation in which a man might engage. They recall vividly the Confreres de la Passion, established in Paris in 1402, and approved by letters patent of Charles VI, who conferred upon the members of the guild the exclusive right to present the popular Miracle Plays and Moralities of the day. Living an embryonic community life, like so many of the guilds, these men took up their residence in the hospital of the Most Blessed Trinity in which a stage and auditorium were fitted up for the express purpose of presenting plays to which clergy and laity alike hastened. We know, for instance, that the hour for the public choral recitation of Vespers in the collegiate churches of Paris was anticipated so as to enable the clergy to attend the performances. From the Trinity hospital the Confreres moved to the Hotel de France and, later on, to the Hotel de Bourgoyne which subsequently they sublet to a troop of actors who laid the foundation of the Comédie Française. Even yet the Comédie Française, despite its occasional slips from antique probity and its theatrical vagaries, cannot quite forget its religious origins for its doors are often opened to plays that are not vitiated with the commercialism, anticlericalism, and sensualism that characterize so much of the dramatic output of contemporary France.

May the Compagnons de Notre Dame survive long and in going down to a glorious death leave behind them a fecund principle and a compelling tradition that nothing can put to rout!

Hauntings

Wind and shadow—I see no more—
But there are footsteps round my door,
Men and women kissing, crying,
Little laughters leaping, dying,
Whispers hurrying down the air,
But when I rise there is nobody there.

I have strung sharp-thorned berry-vines
Twined for a bar as a lattice twines,
Berry-vines with a thorny stem,
Over the lock for a bar to Them,
I have laid wet moss on the sill,
But markless footsteps tread past it still.

The wood-things know, and the frightened birds,
They cannot tell me, they have no words,
Something restless that will not go,
Something dreadful that I must know . . .
Wind and shadows—I see no more—
But there are footsteps round my door.

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

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MISS NOBODY FACES THE WEST

By HELEN WALKER

STRANGER things, to repeat the well-worn phrase, have happened. Yet when Miss Nobody decided to spend a few weeks on a dude ranch in Wyoming, it is to be feared that a certain derisive element colored the wonderment of her closer intimates.

Nevertheless, in spite of (or perhaps because of) this discouraging attitude, our heroine heard and heeded the call of the West. Three days of travel, the last through a West that looked startlingly like that depicted in the movies, crossing a portion of the Bad Lands (would they really have been bad if subjected to the right influences when young?) and Cody, Wyoming, was achieved! Five minutes after alighting from the train, one was indubitably convinced that this was the town established by Buffalo Bill. Pictures, and emblems, and mementoes of the famous frontiersman were everywhere. Bill with the buffaloes, Bill without the buffaloes, the buffaloes without Bill (but never Bill without his long hair, drooping moustache, and big hat) were depicted on all sides. To remove any lingering doubt that might remain, somewhat aloof from the town and framed against a background of rugged mountain and blue sky, was the equestrian statue of Colonel William Cody himself, done by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney of New York.

This then, was the Wild West—for hadn't the spectacle that had thrilled millions of easterners in Madison Square Garden, the gay citizens of Paris, the solemn burghers of Germany, and the crowds of the Roman Colosseum, been termed Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show? With this conviction firmly planted in her mind, Miss Nobody clambered into the motor which was to drive her several miles through the mountains to one of the many ranches in that country set aside in summer for the delectation of the "dude" —the visitor from the East.

Of that ride, two things might be said—the glorious multi-colored hills, the tumbling, flashing streams, outsoared all her expectations; while the road over which the motor drove justified all of Buffalo Bill's claims to the title of "rough-rider." Without a doubt, he must have been! But it was not long before a lovely valley came into view, and the motor drew up before a group of attractive log buildings. Down a road the traveler glimpsed the saddle-house and corral where seventy or more horses waited to be ridden. And around all, towered the nobility of the mountains—ever-changing.

Now the raison d'être of a dude ranch is, obviously, the dudes; and yet they are, far and away, a pitiably unimportant part of that institution. These sundry visitors from the East, drawn westward by the call of great stretches of earth, sky in immensity, and the peace that only the mountains can give, find themselves transplanted to a new and unfamiliar country, and utterly dependent on the executives, the "dude wranglers" (those who show where the trails lie) and last, but not least, on the horses for their pleasure and instruction. Having perceived their helpless position in the scheme of things, ego departs, and they become as little children waiting to be led. Timidly, they inquire why they are called dudes, and just how much of an insult it is—meeting the gentle reassurance that though the term, applied everywhere throughout the West to anyone who has come out of the East, may once have indicated scorn, it now only carries with it a good-natured welcome (and it is the dude's own responsibility if, in his heart, he suspects in addition to the good-natured welcome, a lofty toleration!) Of course, there are dudes and dudes—those who know the West well—those who know the West a little—and those who know the West not at all. In proportion to their knowledge, does their humility vary.

Miss Nobody felt extremely humble, and hence she requested at once that a horse with conservative ideas and staid manners be assigned her for the duration of her visit. Whereupon, "Cherokee," a pleasant and mild-mannered sorrel of no little beauty and dignity, fell to her lot. Cherokee proved to be conservative in his friendships as well as in his manners. He did not "take up" with strangers at once, and though polite, indicated plainly that real intimacies were not to be forced, and could only come about in due time, depending on whether or not the latest dude talked and behaved as though she knew the right people. Once she thought she caught him laughing at her rather unsuccessful simulation of a cowboy scarf—but then that may only have been her sensitiveness. It was evident that Cherokee believed in the dignity of leisure. He was reputed to be of excellent blood, and it was obvious that none of his forefathers had ever been in trade. It was also obvious that he deemed hurrying only becoming to the industrial classes and the bourgeoisie, though it was rumored about the corral that he had been, in his youth, most fleet of foot, and had once chased down a buffalo. Learning this, Miss Nobody was somewhat concerned when on his back, lest he should scent on the breeze a lone and last, stray, remaining buffalo—in which case she feared they would be off—or rather, she would.

There were times when she felt secretly in sympathy with the dudine (lady dude) whose remark, made on returning from a ride, in answer to a question as to how her steed had gone, was: "Every time he was coming up, I was coming down!"

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When one pondered on this truism, one was thankful that breeches had supplanted the once favored "divided-skirt," for there was a story of another dudine who had come to the ranch, years before, equipped with just such a criminal garment. It was said to have possessed innumerable harsh bone buttons down the back (which no lady in those days failed to button on dismounting). After a canter, this equestrienne would be heard calling plaintively to the wrangler who was leading the party: "Oh, please help me—I'm riding on my buttons!"

Who shall chronicle the valiant efforts made by the dudes to overcome their eastern riding manners, learned on an English saddle? The trot had to be entirely renegotiated, for the only sort of posting tolerated in the West is that of a letter. And regarding letters, Miss Nobody felt that she had, indeed, received a false start when her first letter from home was addressed, not River Ranch, but "River Farm." Oh, humiliation, and indelible stamp of the East!

Hearing a tale of a dude who, in quest of wild duck, had innocently brought home five of the domestic variety, shot while peacefully resting on a pond, Miss Nobody was glad that she felt no predilection for shooting—though sometimes in the presence of great, black spiders, she longed for a gun. Even echoes of the laughter that in New York had greeted her decision to go West, sounded in her ears one night as the conviction came, prompted by a smart on the neck, that she had been bitten by a moth.

Now Cody has, as a city, one annual burst of glory, the Cody Stampede—a three-day celebration coincident with the Fourth of July. Spectators flock from far and near, and the town is alive with color, excitement, and business. The dudes were assured that it was not a thing to be missed, so they set off for the town of Buffalo Bill. Crowds of people, motors, and horses thronged the streets—cowboys and cowgirls in brilliant shirts and bandanas, westerners, easterners, old and young—Indians in full regalia. The Wyoming sun beat down on a Cody flaming with color. Horses careered and bucked in the midst of traffic—blank cartridges resounded, and firecrackers cracked. Cowboy "y-y-yip-ees" rent the air, and Cody on that day reminded one of a movie seen long ago, picturing a western town being "shot up," the caption of which read: "They called it Calm City—but it wasn't."

Through the mêlée went the dudes to the stampede grounds, longing, as one put it, for a sanitarium instead. The arena, already full of plunging horses, was lined with eager spectators, and Indian squaws and their children interspersed the crowd. Ideas of the savagery of the red man in contrast to the civilization of the white, had to be completely rearranged when one saw the little Indian children, silent and immovable, watching the spectacle, while several small boys, offspring of the conquering race, straddled the seats, yelling and firing off giant firecrackers under the noses of nervous visitors and temperamental horses. The contestants were, to put it mildly, colorful, and the old parody of that literary hero, who must, since he "came out of the West," have been a westerner after a fashion, came frequently to mind: "Young Lochinvar has got on a new vest—green is the border, and red is the rest."

The program progressed merrily from wild steer-riding, cowboy, cowgirl, Roman standing and Indian races, to wild cow-milking, calf-roping, saddle-bucking and bulldogging. It was with difficulty when the latter was announced that Miss Nobody refrained from asking where the bulldog was.

The last race run, the last steer thrown, and—but no, not the last gun fired—for the festivities were to be continued far into the night, the stampede came to an end. As the exhausted dudes drove out of Cody, they passed "Woolfville," an entertainment place where dancing and gambling (alas, for the traditional West—only with paper money!) were to wear the night away. Over its gates hung this cheering inscription: "This is Woolfville, and it's our night to howl!" One was sure that they did.

After it all, ranch life seemed unutterably peaceful. Reason began to be apparent in the warning to country folk anent the cities. Miss Nobody went out to the corral to caution Cherokee about the perils of Cody.

"Stuff and nonsense," said he, shaking his wise head, "you're wasting your breath. Don't you know that the stampede is only for the young and foolish—and the dudes?"

"Indeed?" she replied, trying not to notice the implied criticism.

"Yes," he continued, "the experienced always remain here during that racket in town."

"Come, come," Miss Nobody remonstrated, "confess that you would have liked to have been one of those glorious, bucking horses in the arena, with thousands applauding you!"

"By green grass, no!" retorted Cherokee. "Perhaps in my young days—my buffalo days—yes; for I doubt if there was one, then, who had a better time than I. I won't conceal from you that I was, to borrow a seemingly paradoxical expression, a gay dog. Then such things appealed to me. But now I much prefer the sane and the quiet."

"It is lovely here," Miss Nobody agreed.

"Yes," said Cherokee, waxing enthusiastic (and, his rider suspected in all affection, a bit bromidic) "I don't understand why you people live in the East, where you have no big, open spaces."

"You are wrong," she deferred timidly, "we have the Pennsylvania Station and the Yankee Stadium."

Cherokee merely looked his scorn as he continued: "This is the only place to live—out here in the West where men are men."

"I wonder what they are in the East," Miss No-

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body remarked. "They seem very much the same, except for their hats, shirts, and accents. And surely you are not one of those who believe that 'clothes make the man.' The old proverb," she went on with more confidence, "merely says, 'boys will be boys'—not 'boys will be boys in the West, and something else in the East.' "

"That's all beside the point," objected Cherokee as he flicked a fly from his back. "Now you seem sensible enough—for an effete easterner."

"Thanks," murmured Miss Nobody.

"Why," he went on, "don't you take advantage of your opportunity and remain in this glorious country? Why don't you cease being a mere dude, and become a real westerner?"

"Because," whispered Miss Nobody, so close to his ear that it tickled her as he flicked it, "because Cherokee, if you really want to know—even a nobody can be a dude—in fact, I think you will agree that the terms are somewhat synonymous—whereas I doubt if one could become a successful westerner. And besides, in the East, we haven't so many spiders and moths; and there are the caviar sandwiches, and"—

But Cherokee had flung his head disdainfully in the air, and was walking away, murmuring (or so Miss Nobody thought):

" 'Oh, East is East, and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet.' "

"Oh, yes, they shall," she called after him. "On a dude ranch!"

COMMUNICATIONS

RUSSIA LOSES HER MONASTERIES

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I have read with great interest the criticism of Mr. L. Maynard Gray [The Commonweal, July 7] of my article, Russia Loses Her Monasteries, in The Commonweal of June 16. I will not enter into any long controversy with him on the subject of his most one-sided remarks, but I wish to state that they do not strike at the root of my assertions, which, on the contrary, I find confirmed in that very report of the distinguished churchman, Père d'Herbigny; because if we examine his report we find that it is a faithful relation of what he saw and nothing else. On the contrary, he confirms what I had asserted, namely, that, thanks to the Bolsheviks, utter confusion now rules in Russia so far as religious life is concerned, and that "in order to better wage war, the various rival orthodoxies vie with each other in creating new bishops." These are Père d'Herbigny's words, not mine.

In so far as the Vedenskyites are concerned, I never mentioned them at all in my article, and I will remark here that the very fact that Vedensky is a married secular priest—apart from his political antecedents about which I do not want to concern myself now—would, in the eyes of every Orthodox, whether belonging to the Russian branch of that community, or to the Greek one, make him ineligible for a bishopric, and Père d'Herbigny never says that it would.

Unfortunately, every revolution, no matter in what country it has taken place, has always had a sad influence on the religious life of the people of that country, with the one exception of our American Revolution, which proceeded from the highest moral motives, and which always remained free from every excess of the kind that marked the French Terror, and the Russian one. In France we have seen what was called the "Prêtres Assermentés," who were spurned by all true and good Catholics, to the extent that even when they were being led to the scaffold, they refused to avail themselves of their spiritual services. In Russia we have seen the "Living Church" to which I referred in my article. We have also seen the Vedenskyites, about whose head Père d'Herbigny writes: "Vedensky's weakness consists in having consecrated a number of married priests."

My article was written entirely from the point of view of a member of the Russian Orthodox Church to which I belong, a fact which gives me the same right to reject the new Russian "Living Church" as well as the doctrine of the Vedenskyites, as the French people during the bloody years of their great Revolution had to reject the preachings and ministrations of the "Prêtres Assermentés" recognized by the then French government; and facts impossible to contradict authorize me to say that the Bolsheviks have done away with monasteries, suppressed and murdered bishops and priests, and applied their efforts to destroy in general religion among the Russian people, as a proof of which we have the famous saying of Lenin engraved over the doorway of one of our most famous shrines: "Religion is the opium of the masses."

And I will further say that in my article the Vedenskyites were never once mentioned, and that I only referred to the Bolshevik "Living Church." Mr. Gray in his zeal does not seem to remember what I had really written. And again I will tell him that Archbishop Kedroffsky of the Russian Orthodox Cathedral in New York is not recognized as such by faithful Orthodox Russians, who continue in their allegiance to Metropolitan Plato whom he dispossessed. And since Mr. Gray seems to desire getting first-hand evidence, why does not he mention as a person capable of giving it to us this venerable metropolitan? If he were impartial he would seek it everywhere, whereas now his letter appears to have been written in the spirit pervading the office at 110 West Fortieth Street.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

THE GREAT SIMPLICITY OF JEFFERSON

San Diego, Calif.

TO the Editor:—"Jefferson's Saxon soul" is a phrase used in the article, The Great Simplicity of Jefferson, in The Commonweal of July 14. Where would Thomas Jefferson acquire a Saxon soul? According to genealogists he was by extraction both Welsh and Norman. The Welsh are classed as Celtic; the true Normans had Scandinavian great-great-grandfathers, but their corresponding grandmothers, with all their other lines of ancestry, were French, Rollo having brought no women to Neustria; while the so-called Normans that followed after Duke William into England "flocked from every part of Gaul." (Roemer.) The Saxon Chronicle calls them Frenchman and that is what they called themselves.

Had Jefferson been English, it would still be reckless to characterize him as Saxon, for, surely, the few keel-loads of fifth-century Saxons were absorbed and indistinguishable by the eighteenth. Only politicians and propagandists—not scholars—refer to the English as Saxons or Anglo-Saxons nowadays.

EDWARD H. WHELAN.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Americana

RICHARD HERNDON has succeeded at one and the same time in producing the most interesting and lively summer review of many seasons and in including in its otherwise witty numbers two of the most objectionable sketches yet devised in this land of daring. One hinges with astonishing frankness on perversions. The other is just plainly vulgar. Neither has a place in this or any other show. Until they are removed—an easy process in a review that lasts until nearly eleven-thirty o'clock—it is quite impossible to recommend Americana, the book and lyrics of which have been written by J. P. McEvoy, much as its general features deserve it. More's the pity!

And it is a great pity. Reviews, by their very nature, are plastic. There is generally very little continuity. One sketch has practically no connection with any of the others. And certainly no one sketch can be held responsible for the success or failure of the review as a whole. This means that the insertion of objectionable numbers becomes a more or less deliberate matter—reflecting seriously upon the taste and good sense of the producer. In the present instance there is no indication—other than the two numbers themselves—that Mr. Herndon's taste runs along these lines. On the contrary, he seems to have succeeded notably in selecting numbers that fairly sparkle with wit, satire, and enlivening brevity. He has done as well, if not better, than famous past editions of the Grand Street Follies. He has captured the best elements of the English reviews and translated them into American idiom. By eliminating the conventional chorus and substituting a group of six specialty dancers, each with distinct personal ability, he has brought informality to its best professional point. In fact, one could go on indefinitely detailing the ways in which he has brought new vitality and interest and delight to this form of entertainment, not the least being the superlative freshness of the musical numbers. Then why, in all seriousness, has he injected the other material which—in contrast—sinks even lower than the notorious filth of this year's Broadway shows?

As no one can answer this question but Mr. Herndon himself, we might as well go on to a sincere appreciation of the good things he has done. John Held, Jr., has designed all the stage settings of the production, and what he has accomplished in economy of material and design and in the heightening of satirical effect is worth a chapter of praise. Most of his designs are frankly eccentric, with all that delicious topsy-turvydom which gives metropolitan life its briny tang. His sets become a series of provoking cartoons, stimulating and alive, and quite as distinct a contribution to the evening as the music or Mr. McEvoy's book and lyrics.

In the music, perhaps more than anywhere else the result of careful selection stands out victoriously. Four composers have contributed to it, chief among them being Con Conrad and Henry Souvaine, with special numbers by George Gershwin and Philip Charig. All of it is tuneful, brisk and individual, and excellently played by a small orchestra under the direction of Gene Salzer. Hans Spialek deserves a special word for his orchestrations—if for no other reason than the lack of recognition which expert scoring generally receives. It has a vast amount to do with the pleasure one gets from the Americana music.

The principals, as well as the little specialty chorus, in Americana have achieved something quite noteworthy. One and all, they establish from the first moment that pleasant rapport with the audience which gives the informal review its special delight. Roy Atwell and Lew Brice (brother of the illustrious Fanny) carry the heaviest burden, but one Charles Butterworth and a solemn individual named Tom Burton share it eagerly.

Pyramids

IF the old saw—"rain before seven, shine by eleven"—holds good, we may look forward with some hope to the mid-day period of the dawning season. The first streaks of light certainly illuminate a heavily overcast sky. Pyramids, by Samuel Ruskin Golding, might have been a good play—that is, its theme offered excellent opportunities for indicating what a restless and excessively foolish wife can do to blast the career of a storm-weary young lawyer. But somewhere in the long chain from idea to final production, the theme was converted into a mere excuse for melodramatic hokum, a few startling, though quite unoriginal statements, and a seemingly endless chain of confused motivations.

Robert Amory is the lawyer—poor because honest. His wife, Joan, still loves him after many years of marriage and refuses to accept the attentions of Van Cott, a politician, rich because dishonest. But she does bemoan her poverty to such an extent that Amory finally gambles in Wall Street with money that does not belong to him, and makes a paper fortune, only to learn that his broker was a "bucketeer." Joan apparently admires his embezzlement—which Amory confesses to her quite frankly in the first act—but is enough disturbed when it is discovered, to admit that she is really the one to blame.

This mild awakening does not deter her, however, from selling herself to Van Cott on the promise that he will get Amory pardoned early. Amory escapes from prison and is present in a dark room when Van Cott is shot. Follows a third degree scene, the unexpected clearing of both Amory and Joan, and a final reconciliation in which Joan seems vaguely to realize that she has only pyramided her mistakes. The motives are all curiously naïve, and the situations just as curiously sophisticated and unlikely. In fact, the whole play is quite an excellent example—because of its glaringly obvious exaggerations—of just what happens to an interesting idea when the Broadway playmakers begin to see possibilities of "jazzing it up."

Strangely enough, this omelette received fairly good newspaper notices, and also the benefit of two well-known artists, Charles Waldron and Miss Carroll McComas. Mr. Waldron's king, in the modern Hamlet, was one of the few very striking performances of the last season. As Van Cott in this play he wastes considerable skill. Miss McComas fares less well. She does not even take advantage of the few good opportunities presented. The unnatural dialogue baffles her to such an extent that she never gets byond acting a part. She creates no illusion of character. Those who remember her in Cyrano will repeat sadly, "Adieu, Roxanne!"

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BOOKS

Fathers of the Revolution, by Philip Guedella. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

THERE are certain phases of history that have an enduring fascination for mankind. In his foreword to the Fathers of the Revolution, which he calls "a short treatise on truth," Philip Guedella asserts that no period is richer in imaginative appeal than that of the American Revolution. Mr. Guedella is not the first Englishman to seize whole-heartedly on that civil war which made "two nations grow where one had grown before." Some romantic episodes in the backwoods of the northern campaign gave to the ready vision of Shaw food for one of his most diverting dramas. And recognizably there is no finer work on the Revolution than that of the distinguished historian, Trevelyan. On this side of the Atlantic, fact and fiction have but multiplied with the passing years. Even today "the unnat'ral old parent" survives at frequent crossroads; and the American scene continues to be "an admirable place for a declaration of something."

There are men among these founders of a nation who may well wonder to find themselves in this galère. The ironical method displayed in such choice is often too self-conscious to be entirely effective. To put Lord North among the fathers is a whim of purely scampish intent on Mr. Guedella's part, despite the inverted phrasing that he effects, in order to prove failure and omission, as well as victory, among the first fruits of construction. Cornwallis, who is touched off admirably, is on this list, as well as the romantic figure that was John Burgoyne. Louis XVI, with "that last unfinished air of the French monarchy" is drawn with a degree of mawkish sentimentality.

Mr. Guedella's mind is essentially continental. His American subjects, properly speaking, are lacking in perception and conviction. He even fails to be convincing on the Marquis de Lafayette, Carlyle's priceless Hero of Two Worlds. The conception of Washington is genial, but not compelling; there is no glamour thrown on Hamilton; and in Dr. Franklin, who is too human by his personal admission to need the author's proffer of humanizing, he descends to the trivial.

Mr. Guedella writes with a brilliant preciosity. As he says of the Honorable Edmund Burke, he is himself "disastrously quotable." With a sense that is positively uncanny for the adroit use of words, he is a master of pictorial phrasing. Facile though his ready pen may be, the finished production is not entirely one of surface painting. Scattered about in his own clever mind is a wealth of cognizable material (none too well arranged, perhaps) that leaves a picture in "high visibility" of personalities and affairs that shape the destinies of men. On things psychological the imagination of Mr. Guedella is too sprightly for any profound issue to result. His versatility of vision leads him into serious defects. He is utterly incapable of differentiating between sentiment and sentimentality—unlike Hilaire Belloc, whose Marie Antoinette remains a biographical masterpiece of scholarly insight as well as poignant sentiment. The music motif, the wailing of violins that Mr. Guedella forces through these sketches, is an obvious "catchpenny" trick. And his style, judged as literature, suffers badly from the numerous French phrases and quotations that are used.

These are, in the last analysis, delicate, swift-moving vignettes. In this fashion the author sees the sun—decorously gilded—of the eighteenth century, slowly sinking. To him, as to all of those who are gifted with easy rhetoric and oratory, the crux of the whole matter lies in the peroration. This charm in endings, in setting suns, has also to do with youth—who always wish to lose themselves in some "golden, remote wild west." And Mr. Guedella is still quite young.

MARTHA BAYARD.

The Birth of the Gods, by Dmitri S. Merezhkovsky. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

TO imagine Merezhkovsky writing a dull book is only less difficult than to imagine him writing one that is perfectly proportioned. He has unquestionable genius, but his ideas are often too vast and chaotic to be brought into order.

The story of The Birth of the Gods—which is concerned with the unrequited love of a Babylonian iron-merchant for a virgin priestess of Crete—faintly suggests the melodramatic romances of Rider Haggard. But the story itself is perfunctory, and has obviously been used merely as a string to hold beads together.

The stringing of these beads, however, seems to have been a more delicate task than the author bargained for at the commencement of his operation. The reader will consequently rise from the book stimulated yet disappointed. He will feel that the author got tired and failed to finish what he began.

There are two ways of explaining the myths of antiquity. The shallow sceptic, seeing in them a resemblance to the rites of the later Church, thinks he has explained away the Church by pointing out the resemblances. But the wise man sees with Saint Paul that the myths are "a shadow of things to come"; that the myths are to be understood only in the light of their fulfilment, Christ.

It was this vision that prompted the writing of Merezhkovsky's book. But it can hardly be said to be clearly expressed save in the introduction. How profound are these words: "Christ is concealed in paganism and revealed in Christianity. Christianity is the revelation, the apocalypse of paganism. The blind feel the sun though they cannot see it; the Christ of paganism is the sun of the blind.

" 'The enormous difference between Christianity and paganism lies in the fact that the person of Christ is historically real.' (Schelling.) Modern atheistic scholars have grasped this thoroughly, and are doing their utmost to destroy the historical personality of Christ. But to destroy it means to destroy universal history, for the whole of it is about Him. . . .

"If there was no Christ, there is no Christianity; it is as much a 'myth' as paganism. But if Christ has been, His shadow reflected back upon the whole of mankind to the very beginning of time is an historical miracle fatal to those who would destroy Him."

That idea could hardly be put better. But in the story—or rather in the sequence of stories making up The Birth of the Gods—the idea frequently is in danger of being lost. There is too much string for the beads, and the beads in this case happen to be priceless gems. It would have been better to have discarded the story of the priestess and her lover, and to have made, instead, a careful study of the relation between myth and revelation. Such a work, if a man could be found capable of doing it, would be of the utmost value to our generation. Merezhkovsky has thrown out a few brilliant hints. But the world needs a complete exposition of Saint Clement's sentence (quoted here) that "the barbarian and Hellenic philosophy has torn off a fragment of eternal truth from the theology of the ever-living Word."

THEODORE MAYNARD.

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The Mechanical Investigations of Leonardo da Vinci, by Ivor B. Hart. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. $4.00.

THE amazing scientific activities of Leonardo da Vinci, representative of all that was greatest in the Italian renaissance, have suffered a long neglect by scholars on the continent of Europe and still more among students in the United States. The universal acclaim given to his works of art, the veneration accorded to his paintings are easily enough understood—their transcendent beauty, their sublimated sophistication constitute them the most fascinating problems and works of interpretation of what is considered the most artistic period of art of either the ancient or the modern world. That the scientists of our country should so long neglect a brother-worker of the fifteenth century—that his essay, On the Flight of Birds, should remain until the present volume without an English translation, is certainly some reflection upon our scientific historians.

As a pioneer in aviation, Leonardo has only recently come to the credit that belongs to him. The traditions of human flight before his time are concerned with the supernatural powers, the magic carpets and birds of oriental folk-lore. Born in 1452, it seems clear from these records that Leonardo was the first of all the pioneers: for over thirty years he closely studied problems of aviation until 1505, when he published at Florence his study, On the Flight of Birds. His method is based on observations and practical experiments, studies of the properties of the air, the action of the winds, and the various materials that seem likely to be used in aviation. There is even a discussion of flight without motor machinery, such as has been subsequently undertaken by the German aeronauts. "The bird," says da Vinci, "is able to rest in the air without holding its wings in the place of equality, because not having its centre of gravity in the middle of the pivot, as balances have, it is not constrained by necessity to hold its wings at an equal height, as in the said balances. But if the wings are outside this place of equality then the bird will descend by the line of obliquity of these wings."

An interesting annotation to this scientific side of Leonardo may be found in the story of the suicide of the great poet, José Asunción Silva of Colombia, one of the greatest figures in modern Spanish literature. This young man—he was in his early thirties—returned from Europe a finished artist of most exquisite quality. He was one of the handsomest men of his day and apparently a well-balanced character. On his bed one Sunday morning they found a pistol, D'Annunzio's Triumph of Death, open at the splendid chapter regarding Leonardo, with other scientific studies, lying beside the corpse. The best critics agree that the poet had suddenly realized that with all his intellectual attainments, culture and study, his education had not prepared him to understand or develop the work on Leonardo which he had long contemplated and that in a sudden fit of chagrin, he made an end to his life.

THOMAS WALSH.

The Spell of French Canada, by Frank Oliver Call. Boston: L. G. Page and Company. $3.75.

THE title of Mr. Frank Oliver Call's pleasant book is significant of the spirit in which his pilgrimage to several sites associated with early Canadian history was undertaken. Possessing a strong historic sense and a pretty complete acquaintance with the early records of the province, his eye is always avid for picturesque remains in the shape of ancient forts, convents and chateaux, and for romantic spots where some monument helps the mind to reconstitute "old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago." He is happiest when he perceives evidence that the stubborn conservatism of the "habitant" is still resisting attempts to replace secular forms of life and architecture by standardized ugliness, and a little gloomy when he has to record instances of its only too-successful inroads.

His route lay along the Richelieu River, which he notes, "never loses the characteristics which are generally associated with the rivers of old France," past Chambly, where ruined Fort St. Louis looks down upon the grassy graves of New England soldiers who died in Ethan Allen's "push" for Canada, through Fort Lennox, built in 1812 by German mercenaries, whose dismantled casements, solid as on the day they were built, are mirrored in a moat that is the haunt of water-birds. It crossed the river to Montreal at St. Ours, a village that seems to be imported bodily from the old world: "its great stone church, its little grey convent and its venerable manor-house of true French architecture, all combine to make it one of the most unspoiled French villages in the province."

The chapter on Montreal, which is evidently twice- and thrice-trodden ground to Mr. Call, and which is termed by him, A City of Contrast, is filled with quaint and unfamiliar information. We learn that a city ordinance in 1706 forbade the pious but unhygienic citizens to "keep pigs in their houses" under a penalty of three (un-depreciated) francs per pig, and that the vexed question of liquor permits was exercising the minds of the city fathers as long ago as 1702. A visit is made to the old stone convent of the sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame, built as long ago as 1681, and tucked away in a corner of the city to which few tourists ever penetrate. The old convent is discovered to be a feast for the antiquary, its relics including "pine coffers with hand-forged hinges that came from France, an ancient contrivance for beating butter, a large 'huche' for kneading bread," and, most precious of all, a faded drawing of the tiny stable given to the saintly Marguerite de Bourgeoys to house her first school, by the Sieur de Maisonneuve, Parkman's "soldier monk." The book ends with what will probably be the most interesting of all chapters to the general reader, a pilgrimage to the country immortalized by Louis Hémon, and recollections of the ill-fated young French author, gathered from the very men and women whom he used as prototypes for the characters in Maria Chapdelaine.

H. L. S.

The Worm Ouroboros, by E. R. Eddison. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $3.00.

WITH the publication of The Worm Ouroboros, we are introduced to a new writer, whose reputation has preceded his American début by several years. Eric Rucker Eddison derives from the old folk-lore and legends. He was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, and since his college years has been a member of the Viking Society for Northern Research. Naturally enough, with such interests, Eddison has turned from modernity and produced pure romance that is saturated with the spirit and feeling of the legends of Cuchulain, Maeve, and Deirdre, as well as those of the Norse sagas. To contemporaries of the jazz age, this may be the literature of escape, nevertheless it is literature in the real epic pattern.

Eddison has forged a style of such sweep and gusto as is

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needed for heroic life. His mind with Celtic affinities has inspired the creation of his Gargantuan world with beauty and daring. He has created on the planet Mercury, a new world, in which he has spun tall yarns that are "neither allegory nor fable but a story to be read for its own sake." At times The Worm Ouroboros is a tale of awe and fabulous wonder. Sometimes, however, the behavior of its characters is quite like the antics of this more prosaic world. The far-off Mercury resounds with the clarion calls of great fighters and bold lovers, with loyal women and the seductive sirens. Their days are occupied with fighting and adventuring in strange lands. The gracious and honorable Lords of Demonland—Lord Juss; Lord Brandoch Daha, the expert swordsman; Lord Goldry Bluszco, the strong man; and the vehement Lord Spitfire are confronted with the sinister designs of the nobles of Witchland. The Witches would annex the kingdom of the Demons. The treacherous nobles employ ingenious strategy and the gallants of Demonland are hard pressed. Fair ladies, in turn, mix in the contest, abetting in the promotions of attacks and being rescued from distressful capture.

The close of this epical romance of the bizarre is ironical. It mocks this display of physical prowess and elemental forces of waging furies. Yet the monstrous travails, the poetical conceits, the havoc of violence, the intervention of magic and colossal combats have the gaudiness and exuberance of the Elizabethans. It is a rereadable book. A fascinating romance, a grotesque, fabulous book of wonders for a mechanical world —written in a style of magnificent periods tinged with the archaic, but leavened with sensuousness that illuminates swift action in a book of odd enchantment.

LOUISE HOWLAND.

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BRIEFER MENTION

Evolution and Genetics, by T. H. Morgan. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $2.00.

IT is nearly ten years ago since the Vanuxem Lectures for 1915-16 appeared under the title of A Critique of the Theory of Evolution. They were received with great interest and were several times reprinted but of late they have been unobtainable. This is a reprint that has been greatly revised, especially in the region of genetics, a subject which the Professor and his coworkers have made their own, and in relation to the much disputed question of mutations or large and sudden changes. Hence we get much about the fruit fly on which so many valuable experiments have been made. Of course, the book is hardly one for the tyro, but persons with even a modest biological training will be able to make their way through it quite comfortably, and, needless to say, no working biologist will fail to make himself acquainted with it.

From Goethe to Hauptmann, by Camillo von Klenze. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

ANYONE who expected to derive from Dr. von Klenze's book an impression of what German literature has been during the era indicated by the title would be badly fooled. It is merely a reprint of meticulous essays contributed now and then to scholarly magazines, and apart from enumerations of German writers who had spoken of Italy before Goethe arrived, or of other German writers who had talked about art before Ruskin began, its interest lies chiefly in a rather rigid discussion of Hauptmann. One wonders at the learning that passes, and—with Newman—why it passed. The great Oratorian appropriately becomes the occasion for a typical sample of the Von Klenze Weltanschauung—"His apostasy in 1845 marks at once the crest and the break of the Oxford movement." One need not add that the bibliographies are extensive.

The World's Best Proverbs and Maxims, by J. Gilchrist Lawson. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

AN excellently arranged dictionary of proverbs and maxims has been compiled from the various modern languages by Mr. J. Gilchrist Lawson: it will be a welcome supplement to the works of Bartlett and William Walsh, and a really friendly help to hurried writers and students who wish to decorate their writings with quotation marks. "Proverbs are the wisdom of the ages," so our American editorial writers may add to their stores of learned columns by an occasional visit to the ancient treasure-houses represented in these collections. Mr. Lawson tells us, also, that "ministers, lawyers, doctors, and professional men generally can make good use of them." Disraeli recommended "a frequent review" of them, and the poet added: "They spoke in proverbs for the proverbs came."

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"I'm afraid," said the Editor on Monday morning, as he looked up from his desk to see a wan and pale Dr. Angelicus stroll languidly in, "I'm afraid these week-ends are too much for you, Doctor."

The Doctor dropped limply into a chair, murmuring:

"Too much? Not enough, really. Three days are not sufficient for mid-summer week-ends. This is the season when Southampton and Newport are at their busiest and brightest. One needs several days to absorb, even slightly, the full social flavor of our best summer playgrounds."

Miss Brynmarian, bent over a newspaper in a corner, stirred impatiently, and the Editor looked suspicious.

"What have you in mind?" he demanded.

"Oh, nothing in particular," replied the Doctor. "I was just wondering if it had occurred to you to close the Library during the week in the summer, and only open it Friday, Saturday, and Sunday."

"You mean, just reverse the present order of business and pleasure, so that your visits could endure from Monday to Friday?" asked the Editor. "You must think you are on the editorial staff of the Social Register!"

"Nevertheless," maintained the Doctor, "it is really very upsetting—this getting back to town Monday morning, and one has to forego many pleasant things. For instance, I was importuned to take part in a fantastic pageant, to be given Tuesday evening—a charming costume was even selected for me—and I had to upset everything by my Sunday night departure. The hostess will have no end of difficulty in finding another person equipped to do justice to the part."

"What part were you cast for?" asked the Editor.

"Ariel," replied Angelicus, complacently.

When the Editor had recovered, he remarked:

"If you feel your week-ends are too short, why don't you spend them nearer New York? The time you waste in getting to and away from such places as Southampton and Newport, could be used in just so much more participation in the social whirl, if you were in a place, say, an hour from New York."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Angelicus. "Nothing of real social importance in America happens in the summer outside of Southampton and Newport."

Miss Brynmarian looked up indignantly from her paper.

"What about Meeteetse?" she demanded.

"Well, what about it?" asked the Doctor. "It sounds mosquitoey."

"Your claim," declared Miss Brynmarian severely, "that nothing of any real social importance happens outside of Southampton and Newport is merely another proof of the provincialism of New Yorkers. Do you really believe that all of America, except the eastern sea-board, is a savage wilderness?"

"Hum—I wouldn't take my oath that it wasn't," replied the Doctor cautiously.

"The social life of the fashionable, long-established resorts of the East, is jaded, worn-out, and decayed," declared Miss Brynmarian. "It has outlived its usefulness. Its organization is so old and feeble that it is yawning itself to death from sheer boredom, due to the recurrence of the same sort of parties and pleasures, year in, year out, for the last fifty years, occurring with a deadly monotony. For the future social life of America we must look to newer, younger civilizations—civilizations which are just winning the leisure to have a social life—civilizations that will bring to it a fresh, unalloyed vision

ST. ENDA'S SCHOOL

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and enthusiasm—civilizations that will appreciate the joy of a simple and uncomplicated, natural society in contrast to the artificial, complex one of the East."

"I told you it was a mistake to let her go West this summer," said Angelicus to the Editor. "By the way, did you see my photograph in the society section of the Sun yesterday, snapped on the beach between two débutantes?"

"The Sun!" she exclaimed in disgust. "Or for that matter, any New York paper's social section! Miles of type wasted on a crippled, lame, and halt society! Now, the Meeteetse News is different. For my idea of the basis on which the future social life of America will be molded, let me read you a few items from the coming, breezy Newport of the West—Meeteetse, Wyoming.

She picked up the paper she had in her lap, and the Editor and Dr. Angelicus sat, helplessly attentive, as she read:

" 'Preparations are rapidly being made for our barbecue ceremonies, and next week a full outline of proposed events will majestically appear in the columns of this heralder of events of Meeteetse and environs. Very rapidly is the barbecue grounds being cleared of anything undesirable of a beamish and motish character' "—

"Of a what?" interrupted Angelicus, but Miss Brynmarian went on serenely:

" 'No time will be lost sinking nails into the boards for the open-air banquet tables and the grubbing turnstiles. Henry Sayles has generously come forward, offering a big steer. A few days prior to our city's most important annual social event, the big pit will have been dug in which the animal will repose until cooked to a frizzle and a frazzle.' "

"One thing was omitted in that account," remarked Dr. Angelicus, "and that was a line at the end—'New York papers please copy.' "

"What," demanded Miss Brynmarian, "are a dozen Newport dinner parties worth in comparison to one Meeteetse barbecue? And for the true appreciation and enjoyment of simple pleasures, which, philosophers tell us, are the only real ones, listen to this:

" 'Henry Hudson spent many hours recently in a dentist's chair at Billings.

" 'Mrs. Whitney Dick and Sarah whiled away a few joyful hours in the county seat today.

" 'Evarts Peoples was a pleasant guest of one of Meeteetse's dentists the first of the week, leaving with him three of his molars.' "

"A pleasant guest," mused Dr. Angelicus. "Do you know that dentist's name? And how long does it take to get to this Newport of the West?"

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